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CRYSTAL PALACE.—MONDAY NEXT.—SECOND GREAT HARVEST FETE AND MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS, and ILLUMINATION OF FOUNTAINS. BLONDIN will, on this occasion, traverse the LONG ROPE ON A BICYCLE for the first time, ETHARDO and other performers will also appear. VELOCIPEDE CONTEST, &c. ONE SHILLING DAY.

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MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone) now engaged for Mlle. CHRISTINE NILSSON'S Concert Tour, respectfully requests that all communications may be forwarded as follows:—St George's Hall, Bradford, October 18th; Assembly Rooms, Bath, 21st; and Assembly Rooms, Cheltenham, 23rd; Leamington, 26th; Southsea, 28th; Southampton, 29th; Brighton, 30th; Oxford, November 1st; Town Hall, Leeds, 3rd and 4th; Chester, 5th; Dublin, 8th and 9th; Belfast, 11th; Dublin, 13th; Birmingham, 16th and 17th.

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BENEDICT'S renowned Ballad, "**ROCK ME TO SLEEP**," will be sung by **Miss BESSIE EMMETT**, at **Mrs. John Macfarren's** Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at the Town Hall, Alton, on Tuesday, November 9th.

Mdlle. CONSTANCE SKIWA, Pianist, will return from Vienna on the 16th inst. Address for Lessons and Engagements—**Mdlle. CONSTANCE SKIWA**, 45, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, London, W.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF will sing **RANDBEGGER'S** song, "**BENEATH THE BLUE TRANSPARENT SKY**," at Greenwich, October 21st.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing at **Mr. Rea's** Grand Orchestral Concerts, Newcastle-on-Tyne, October 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th, and 27th; at Richmond (Yorkshire), 25th; and Aberdeen Choral Union Concert, November, 26th. All communications respecting engagements to be addressed to her residence, 3, Canning Place, Palace Gate, South Kensington.

Mdlle. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN begs to announce that she is in town for the season. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 24, Durham Terrace, Bayswater, W.

MISS MARIAN ROCK will play **E. SAUERBREY'S** new Transcription of "**LORELEY**" at the Birkbeck Institution on Wednesday, October 20th.

MR. MAYBRICK will sing **HENRY SMART'S** popular song, "**WAKE, MARY, WAKE**," during his tour with **Madame Sainton-Dolby**.

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REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE.

A MUSICAL JOURNEY AND TWO NEW OPERAS.*

(Continued from page 700.)

5.

"Und ich habe Ihnen nur die kleinste Hälfte von dem gesagt, was ich Ihnen sagen muss."—From Lessing's *Freigeist*, IV., 3.

Thus, within the space of a week, I heard the two most important operatic productions of that season: *Tristan und Isolde* and *L'Africaine*. If we would institute a comparison between the two, we must, in the first place, pronounce an opinion upon the assertion advanced by Wagner and his blind admirers, in conformity with which (to sum up everything in one word) "truth of expression" has been set up by Wagner as a new and first guide in all dramatic composition. But the chevalier Gluck, then engaged in his contest with Piccini, who was all powerful in Paris, and his adherents, asserted the very same thing, I do not know how many years ago, in his dedicatory preface to *Alceste*—he was, therefore, perfectly justified in acting as he did, while Wagner is attacking windmills. For, to commence with the French composers, from Lully and Grétry down to Anber and Gounod, they were never under the erroneous impression that dramatic music required to be mere empty trash for tickling the senses; but what Gluck said and did was not lost upon his Parisian successors, culminating in the masterpieces of Méhul, Cherubini, and Spontini. The Italian composers, it is true, heedless of the anathema pronounced by the German chevalier, followed, at first, the example of their ancestors, and Rossini, the last great scion of this school, was only a modern Piccini—until he endeavoured, in *Tell*, to emancipate himself from his previous manner, always equally talented, yet frequently so senseless. Among his successors, Bellini, in my opinion a highly overrated man, remained partly faithful to the old model; but Donizetti wavered, and Verdi, a man often unjustly accused of heresy, has long entered a different path from that pursued by the legion of his Italian predecessors. Against whom, then, does Wagner really thunder away? Against the French, who have invariably sought to achieve "truth of expression," without being compelled to employ the same means as the composer of *Tristan und Isolde*? Or against the Italians, who have, also, at present turned from that style of operatic art of which Piccini was the old, and Rossini, the last representative? Or is it against the Germans? If such is the case, I should very much like to know the name of a German composer who does not aim unconditionally at placing "truth of expression" over every other effect in his operas. "Truth of expression" has been the aim of all . . . but there exists, it is true a tremendous difference between achieving one's end and striving to do so; even when both pursue the same path, Herr ** (the compositor, will kindly insert the name of any German composer he knows who labours under *Kapellmeister* music, as it is called), Herr **, I say, may stick fast, while a Wagner sweeps triumphantly by. The thunderbolt which the *Jupiter tonans* now residing on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne hurled years ago, was directed especially against one who asserted, as Mozart did, that music was a universal language, and who, heedless of views specifically French, Italian, or German, and adopting the principle: *mundanus sum*, paid homage to eclecticism, cast off all the fetters of nationality, and, in exchange, considered only what was absolutely human: Meyerbeer. Hark how the pack rages! Stone him! *L'Africaine* and *Don Juan* in the same breath! Softly, softly, gentlemen! Just as a pronunciation free from dialect is the correct one—though great thoughts can be expressed even in provincial jargon, and, on the other hand, the most utter trivialities in the most refined style—I consider that, in music, especially in dramatic music, the highest feat is the blending of national elements, a feat which, up to the present time, Mozart alone has completely performed, but which, among modern composers, Meyerbeer accomplished more nearly than any other. Exception may be taken in his operas to many commonplaces, unworthy concessions, sometimes even extravagant demands on vocal art, demands which are doubly painful on the part of such a master,—exception may be taken to all these errors . . . he does not owe the immense success of his works to these shortcomings (at which, however, the great mass of the public went into ecstasies), but to the advantage of speaking in universally intelligible cosmopolitan language. If the matter is considered in this light, all comparison between *Tristan* and *L'Africaine* is out of the question.

But, despite all the difference between two great dramatic musical works, the ingredients of opera will always remain the same: action, words, and music; and, in the latter, melody, harmony, rhythm, formation, declamation, and instrumentation. Let us see how these ingredients have been employed in his *Tristan*, by the inventor of the Art-Work of the Future in contradistinction to all other dramatic composers.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

First comes the action, the fable, the subject. This ought to be interesting, and its principal effects should be inherently lyrical in their nature; it should be worked up so as to excite our interest, and unravelled in a natural manner. All this has been most certainly required by every composer from his librettist, since the time of Metastasio, the first celebrated operatic poet; no composer ever yet took it into his head to select a libretto which, in his opinion, did not fulfil these conditions as a matter of course. How does Wagner fulfil them in *Tristan*? I never came across a more wearying book. We have a couple who, with proud contempt, thoroughly hate one another; then, in consequence of having involuntarily taken a love-drink instead of a fatal draught, they burn with the hot glow of love; then we have the hero, who, after having been attacked at a rendezvous, lies prostrate indulging in lamentations, and, while being consumed by the straw-fire obtained from a phial, at length departs this life in the arms of his beloved, who, hastening after him, still drags about with her the golden cordial for exciting ardent passion. All this may be very interesting to an apothecary's assistant and a surgeon whose appetite it may whet; but it is most insipid for any one else to witness the perfectly guiltless couple, kicking away as though to see who could kick best, slowly die. To sit out three fearfully long acts and view the wildest outbursts of amatory madness, and of the deepest despair, presented not as conditions of the soul, but merely as bodily emotions brought about by a liquor—this oversteps the *licentiam poetarum*; the subject of *L'Africaine*, compared to this abuse of all human feeling, is a rich mine of true sentiment naturally connected, despite its historical inaccuracies, criticised in the preceding chapter; despite its ethnographic want of lucidity, and its superfluous accessories.

The book of *L'Africaine*—I will at present confine myself to the words only—is certainly no poetical masterpiece, and I doubt whether Corneille and Racine would have disputed for the authorship of it, but its actual author, poor old Scribe, had really no reason to be ashamed of it for all that. It contains healthy thoughts, the verbal covering of which (for the reader must not decide by the German translation) is really something more than "metrical prose with rhymed endings." It is written throughout in naturally flowing language, and well-sounding verse, while sometimes, as for instance, in Adamastor's ballad and in Selika's grand final scene, both the thoughts and the words rise to the height of genuine poetry.—And now for the words of *Tristan und Isolde*! Wagner possesses great poetical talent; that is a fact which no one can dispute. In order, however, to be a great poet, he should possess good taste and delicacy of feeling, but we painfully miss these two qualities in his productions. For those readers who are not acquainted with the work we are considering, I will here mention two striking examples from old times. When Lord Kockburn, in *Fra Diavolo*, murders the German language with his English pronunciation, he is meant to convey to us the fact that the Italian language is difficult for him; for it is this language which is represented on the German stage by German; and when he bursts out with an attempt at actual Italian (*che mi riportate i miei diamantini*), this is an amusing piece of absurdity, at which we laugh in comic opera. Now, when, upon the German stage, the characters sing in German from beginning to end, German naturally represents Italian; but when the Tribune breaks out into actual Italian (*santo spirito cavaliere*), he may sit his horse as gallantly as he likes, but . . . he is only a Lord Kockburn in disguise, a buffoon, indulging in verbal jokes, and, moreover, making German rhymes: *Ehre, Heere, Meere, Wehre*, etc., to the Italian *cavaliere*. I call this a want of good taste. Just in the same way, anyone who, in *Tannhäuser*, makes the Princess Elizabeth greet the Minstrels' Hall, which she has so long missed, with the words: "Wie jetzt mein Buesen hoch sich hebt, So scheint auch du mir stolz und hehr,"* sins against good taste and delicacy of feeling. But what is *Rienzi*? What is *Tannhäuser*? The genuine Wagner, not the composer alone, but the poet as well, first really exhibits himself in *Lohengrin*, doing so more in *Tristan*, much more in *Die Meistersinger*, most of all in *Rheingold*, etc. Thus are we raised from one degree of perfection to perfection still more perfect. For the present, however, we stop at *Tristan*, and ask in utter amazement: Is this poetry? Is it German? Has it, in fact, any meaning?†

* These elegant lines may be thus rendered:—

"As now this breast of mine upheaveth,
Dost thou appear to rise on high."

† As the observations of the writer on the choice poetical specimens he calls from Herr Wagner's libretto can be appreciated only by those readers who are acquainted with German—and to such readers they will prove highly interesting—I append both the observations and the anthological specimens aforesaid in the original tongue.—J. V. B.

Blumenlese aus dem ersten Akt: Befehlen liess dem Eigenholden Furcht der Herrin ich, Isolde. (d. h. ich Isolde, lasse dem Starkkopf

Yet, despite all this . . . what poetic power there is in this gifted man! What sublime thoughts he sometimes brings to light, and how he holds the language in his power! Nay, I am inclined to assert that some passages in his operatic poetry, especially in the tetralogy (*Rheingold, Walküre, Siegfried, and Götterdämmerung*), are among the best things that German literature can show. But, *sunt bona mixta malis*. Wagner's misfortune is that he thinks he is not only the Dalai Lama himself (this would not be so bad, for a god knows no weaknesses), but Dalai Lama's high-priest all in one, and hence he regards everyone of his excrements as an emanation of his divine inspiration. Whatever comes into his head and issues from his pen must be

befehlen er müge vor mir, seiner Herrin, Ehrfurcht haben.) Ich ruf's, Du sag's und grollen mir tausend Frau Isolden. (mit dem weechen t.) Der Wunde, die ihn plagte, getreulich pfleg sie da. (warum denn nicht durchweg in mittelalterlicher Sprache? was soll der eine Fetzen?) So dank' ich Geringes Deinem Herrn, rieth Dir sein Dienst Unsitte gegen sein eigen Gemahl? Sitte lehrt, wo ich gelebt: zur Brautfahrt der Brautwerber, meide fern die Braut. Aus welcher Sorg? Fragt die Sitte. Da Du so sittsam, mein Herr Tristan, auch einer Sitte sei nun gemahnt. (Herr endlich blieb der Dichter sitzen—schade, dass es nicht in derselben Weise ein Weichen forgt. Und solche Wortspieler müssen auch komponirt werden!) Ich pfleg der Wunden dass den Heilgesunden rühend schlug der Mann, der Isolden ihn abgewann. (Den Heilgesunden, nach der Analogie von Heilgehilfen erster Klasse.) Des Schweigens Herrin heisst mich schweigen: fass ich, was sie verschwiege, verschwiege ich was sie nicht fasst. (Wer das fasst verschwiege es nicht. Und dazu Musik!) Tristan's Ehre höchste Treu! Tristan's Elend kühnster Trotz! Trug des Herzens, Traum der Ahnung! Ew'ger Trauer einz'ger Trost; Vergessens gut'ger Trank, Dich Trink' ich sonder Wank. (Trockne, Trine, Tragischen Trostes Trübe Thränen, etc. Unsterblicher Grünspan aus Angely's List und Phelma.)

Blumenlese aus dem zweiten Akt: Wie lange fern! wie fern so lang! wie weit so nah! so nah wie weit! O Freundschaft böse Ferne! träger Zeiten zügender Länge! O Weit' und Nähe, hart entzweite! holde Nähe, oede Weite! (Dies ist offenbar nachgebildet dem rheinischen Carneralslied mit dem herrlichen Refrain: hinten vorn wie höher, ja hinten vorn wie höher.) Von Seite 111. des Clavierauszugs mit Isolden's Worten, „in Frau Minne's Macht und Schutz bot ich dem Tage Trutz“ beginnt nun ein gar ergötzliches Wortweil in Schimpf und Ernst zwischen Tristan und Isolden; Objekt des Streites sind die beiden Begriffe „Tag und Nacht“ welche folgendermaßen verarbeitet werden:—

„Dem Tage, dem Tage! dem tückischen Tage etc.
Künnst' ich die Leuchte dem frechen Tage verlöschen etc.
War's nicht der Tag, der aus ihm log etc.
Der Tag, der Tag, der Dich umgiss etc.
In lichten Tages Schein, wie war Isolden mein etc.
Was log der böse Tag Dir vor?
Der Weltehre Tagesonne etc.
Was dort in kenscher Nacht dunkel verschlossen wacht,
Von des Tages Schein betroffen lag mir's da schimmernd offen.
Der Neid, den mir der Tag erweckt etc.
O eitler Tagesknecht etc.
Den in des Tages falschen Prangen
Im tiefsten Herzen hell ich hasste etc.
Wenn in des Tages Scheine etc.
Dem Licht des Tages wollt' ich entfliehn.
Da erdämmerte mild erhab'ner Macht
Im Busen mir die Nacht,
Mein Tag war da vollbracht.
Dass dir von neuem die Nacht versank
Dem einzig am Tode lag,
Den gab er wieder dem Tag!
Das Wunderreich der Nacht
Scheucht' es des Tages täuschenden Schein.
Doch es rüchte sich der verschleierte Tag;
Was dir gezeigt die dämmende Nacht,
An des Tagesgestirns Königsnacht
Musstest du's übergeben.
O nun waren wir Nachtgeweihte!
Der tückische Tag etc.
Wenn die Nacht den Blick geweiht etc.
Vor des Todes Nacht liebend erschaut etc.
Des Tages Lügen etc.
In des Tages eitlen Wähen etc.
Das Sehnen hin zur heil'gen Nacht.“

In solchem Gequassel und Gequatsche mündelt sich das Duett von Seite 111 des Clavierauszugs bis Seite 135. Vorläufig (denn die ganze Scene des Liebespaars dauert von Seit 105 bis 155, und wird nur einmal unterbrochen durch den 32 Takt langen Mahnruf Branginens) schließt es mit den schon berühmten gewordenen Stammbuchversen: „Selbst dann bin ich die Welt; Wonnelustes Weben, Liebeheiliges Leben, Niewiedererwachens wahnlos hold bewusster Wunsch!“

preserved, however grievously it offends against good taste and delicacy of feeling (*litera scripta manet*!); boundless egotism deprives him of all judgment wherever he himself is concerned, though he is so stern in his judgment of others. As a poet, Scribe, it is true, is only a dwarf compared to the giant Wagner; he is, however, well proportioned, and his aspect has nothing repulsive about it; but, while, in the giant, some of the limbs create surprise, the entire figure unavoidably produces an impression of uncouthness.

MR. C. E. HORSLEY.

This accomplished musician has bidden adieu to Sydney—so much the worse for Sydney! and gone to Melbourne—so much the better for Melbourne! His farewell concert at the former place is thus noticed by the *Sydney Morning Herald* of August 5:—

“A crowded audience assembled last night at the Victoria Theatre, to hear Mr. C. E. Horsley's grand farewell concert. Mr. Horsley, it appears, is about to leave Sydney for Melbourne, and the farewell demonstration last night was, perhaps, one of the most fitting recognitions that could be made of the acknowledged ability of this eminent pianist. A galaxy of musical talent, comprising some of the first instrumentalists and vocalists in the city, were present to do honour to the *bénéficiaire*, who must have been highly gratified, as well by the tribute so gracefully paid by professional artists, as by the flattering reception which he received at the hands of one of the largest and most fashionable gatherings which has for some time past met at an entertainment of the kind. Each of the two parts into which the programme was divided was preceded by an overture—the first from *Otello*, and the second from *Der Freischütz*. The orchestra consisted of over a score of musicians, principally amateurs, whose performances would do no discredit to gentlemen of more ambitious pretensions. Mr. Fisher's choir also took part in the concert. The choir included about twenty well-trained male voices. The part song, ‘The Image of the Rose,’ was very successfully given. Miss James sang a selection from *Favorita* (‘O, mio Fernando’), with a sweetness and flexibility which seemed to win the audience. Mrs. Hildebrand made her first appearance on this occasion in the air, ‘Robert toi que j’aime.’ This lady is possessed of a superior and highly cultivated voice, though the nervous embarrassment from which she appeared to suffer no doubt prevented her from giving adequate expression to her conception of the music. ‘A mile from Edinburgh town’ was given as an encore. Mrs. W. J. Corder sang an *aria* from Bellini's *Romeo*, and the *valse*, ‘Ah che assorta,’ in the most charming and effective manner, and she well sustained the high reputation which she has achieved. Callcott's *scena*, ‘The Last Man,’ gave Mr. Andrew Fairfax an opportunity for displaying the qualities of his rich voice; and almost every line of Campbell's beautiful poem seemed to acquire additional force and sublimity by the way in which the composition was sung. ‘The Queen's Letter’ was given in response to demands for a reappearance. Probably not one in fifty of Signor Ugo Devoti's hearers have more than the faintest glimmering of the ‘sense’ of anything which that gentleman sings; but there is an irresistible charm in the ‘sound’ of the accomplished Italian's voice, and in the expressiveness of his manner, which has made him the idol of Sydney concert-goers. He sang nearly half-a-dozen operatic selections last night with immense *bravo*. The most attractive features in the concert were the pianoforte selections—namely, a grand concerto in G minor, by Mr. Horsley, with orchestral accompaniment, and two grand duets—one by Mrs. Meillon and Mr. C. E. Horsley, and the other from *Norma*, by Mr. Horsley, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Corder, and Mr. C. S. Packer. The instruments—two of Aucher's splendid grand pianofortes—were lent by Messrs. Paling and Co.; and, as may be supposed, the performances on them were brilliant and fascinating. The audience listened with eager delight to every note of the liquid melody which, if we may so speak, seemed to make silence audible, to the solemn and stately cadences, and were thrilled with exhilarating gladness by the rich and exquisitely beautiful variations which flashed upon them in long succession. The duet in which Mrs. Meillon took part was encored, and at the conclusion of that from *Norma*, the audience loudly expressed their enthusiastic approbation. The National Anthem, sung by the company, concluded the concert.”

To the Editor of the “Musical World.”

SIR,—I think those musical antiquarians who maintain “that organs were not placed at the west end of our churches before the Reformation” ought to be much obliged to Mr. Gilbert for the confirmation he affords them in his article on “The Musical Associations of Boston Church.” He there commends the fact, that the two organs he mentions were so placed, to their notice, apparently with the idea that he has thereby quite dispelled the notion. Instead of this, I think his remarks only more strongly confirm the position of those who hold such an opinion, inasmuch as he himself admits that those two churches were the *only exceptions in this country* to the ordinary rule, and surely that rule may fairly be taken as virtually universal, when it had so small a number of exceptions. Besides, I cannot gather (from the descriptions I have read) that any tower arch existed in either case, to prevent a west gallery from harmonizing with the rest of the interior.—Your obedient servant,
Sept. 14th, 1869. AGINCOURT.

The Fairy Perlina.

The announcement of the intended recognition by the Imperial family of Austria of the marriage of the Duke Louis of Bavaria with Mdlle. Mendel, the beautiful actress of Augsburg, gave a new aim to the theatrical ambition of the ladies of the Paris boards. The visit made by the Empress Elizabeth to the castle of Lake Stahnberg, where the newly-married couple reside, has become the talk of every *foyer d'artistes* in Europe. They say in the *coulisses* that her Austrian Majesty was the great promoter of the marriage, the story connected with her brother's love and courtship being romantic enough to excite the strongest interest in her womanly heart, and making it forgetful of all distinction of rank, where an equal share of love and delicacy had been displayed by both the lovers.

Mdlle. Mendel, who had preserved her reputation unsullied amid all the perils and temptations of theatrical life, is considered as the most lovely woman in Germany, her beauty being of the true German type, of the peculiar fairness beheld in no other country—golden hair in soft, silky masses, without the smallest tinge of auburn—pure gold—unburnished; a complexion delicate as the inner petals of the Bengal rose—pale pink, scarcely ever seen in nature, and almost impossible to produce by artificial means; lips of deep carnation; teeth small and exquisitely white, and eyebrows of the darkest brown, with eyes of the deepest blue. All this made such an impression on the heart of Duke Louis, that from the moment he first beheld her at the Munich theatre he vowed himself to the worship of this one idol. But Mdlle. Mendel was valiant in defence of her reputation, and aware of the responsibility incurred by the possession of great talent, she resisted every overture even that of marriage, on the part of the Duke, well knowing that it was out of his power to contract any alliance of the kind, as much was expected of him by his family. At that time Mdlle. Mendel was in the habit of wearing a velvet collar with a clasp, ornamented by a single pearl of great value, which had been presented to her by the King of Saxony; and in order to quell all hope of success in the bosom of her royal admirer, she declared to him one day that she had made a vow to bestow her heart and hand on him alone who could match this single pearl with as many others as would form the whole necklace. The declaration was made laughingly, for the fair creature knew well enough that the Duke, living fully up to his income, which was but mediocre for his rank, could never accomplish this Herculean task, and she laughed more merrily still when she beheld the disconsolate expression of his countenance at the announcement she had made. But soon afterwards she heard that the Duke had sold his horses and broken up his establishment—gone to live in the strictest retirement in a small cottage belonging to his brother's park.

That very night when about to place the velvet band upon her neck, she found to her great surprise that a second pearl had been added to the clasp. She knew well enough whence it came, and smiled sadly at the loss of labour she felt sure that Duke Louis was incurring for love's sake. By degrees the velvet band became covered with pearls, all of them as fine

as the one bestowed by the King of Saxony, until one evening great was the rumour in Augsburg. The fair Mendel had been robbed while on the stage, divested of all ornament, in the Prison-scene as Bettina von Armstedt; her dressing-room had been entered, and the velvet collar, with its row of priceless pearls, had disappeared from the toilet table. The event was so terrible, her nerves so shaken, that in spite of the assurance of the chief police magistrate, who happened to be in the theatre at the moment, that he was sure to find the thief in a very short time, for he had the clue already, poor Mdlle. Mendel was so overcome by grief that her memory failed her entirely, so that on returning to the stage not a word could she remember of her part. The audience waited for some time in astonishment at the silence maintained by the actress. The actress gazed at the audience in piteous embarrassment, until, by a sudden inspiration, and almost mechanically, indeed, she remembered that she had the rehearsal copy of the play in the pocket of her apron. She drew it forth without hesitation, and began to read from it with the greatest self-possession imaginable.

At first the audience knew not whether to laugh or be angry, but presently memory, pathos, forgetfulness of all but her art had returned to Mdlle. Mendel, and in the utterance of one of the most impassioned sentiments of her speech she flung the rehearsal copy into the orchestra, and went on with her part without pause or hesitation. The applause of the audience was so tremendous that one of the witnesses to the scene has told us that the great monster chandelier in the centre of the roof swung to and fro with the vibration. But on her return to her dressing room the excitement proved too much, and she fainted away. On coming back to consciousness it was to find Duke Louis at her feet, and the head commissaire standing by her side, bidding her take courage for the pearls had been found. "Where are they?" exclaimed she. "Are you sure that none are missing? Have none been stolen?" Duke Louis then clasped round her neck the string of pearls, complete at last, no longer sown on to the velvet band, but strong with symmetry, and fastened with a diamond clasp. What more could be done by the devoted lover? He had spared neither pains nor sacrifice to attain his end, and Mdlle. Mendel consented to become his wife. The Empress of Austria appears to have been much moved by the story, and suggested the nomination of the bride-elect to the title of Baroness de Wallersee, which thus equalized the rank of the *fiancée*, and enabled them to marry without difficulty. They live the most retired life possible in their little chateau on Lake Stahnberg, where the Empress of Austria was to visit them.

They say that the Duchess Louis of Bavaria never puts off, night or day, the necklace of pearls, the clasp of which she had riveted to her neck, and that in consequence of this peculiarity she is known the country round by the name of the "Fairy Perlina," from the old German tale of *The Magic Pearl*.

ENGLISH OPERA AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Communicated.)

The unprecedented success of Mr. George Perren's English Opera Company at the Crystal Palace, and the immense number of persons who have witnessed the performance (namely, 220,000), have induced the directors to afford increased facility for the representation of English Opera. The new stage, now in course of erection, is designed expressly for this view, and no pains or expense will be spared to render it in every way suitable to the purpose for which it is intended. The performances will be resumed very shortly, Mr. George Perren again taking the direction, and himself sustaining many of the principal roles. The other members of the company will be strengthened in each department, and we have authority to state that a new *prima donna* will be introduced, who possesses a wonderfully fine voice, and who, it is said, will prove the great attraction of the forthcoming season.

STRAYS FROM PARIS.

(From various sources.)

Le Dernier Jour de Pompéi adds another to the failures at the Lyrique. M. Joncières has not made good the promise of *Sardanapale*. The subject of the new opera is from Lord Lytton's novel; but the incidents are inartistically put together and the story wants coherence. The best music is in the early acts, the interest falling off as the opera proceeds. The *coup de grâce* was in the final scene, the eruption of Vesuvius being so painted as to provoke laughter from every part of the house. In France nothing harms like ridicule. M. Pasdeloup had been ill for some days before the first performance, which suffered from his absence.

The *operetta* with which the Gymnase has recently varied its programme proved unsuccessful. The hero of *La Veilleuse* is an Englishman, who, remaining too long at his club, is locked out in a pouring rain by his wife. When she takes pity on him, she is left outside by her husband; and the trick is again repeated *vice versa*; the piece ending with a reconciliation. The music of Madame Loïsa Puget fails to atone for the lack of dramatic interest, and the only recommendation is said to be the singing of Madame Irma Marié.

Signor Ricci has written some additional music for the version of *Crispino e la Comare* now playing under the title of *Le Dilettante Crispino* at the Athénée. Mdlle. Marimon, the cobbler's wife, would do credit to a theatre of larger pretensions. *Crispino* alternates with *Les Masques*, an opera which, under its original title, *Tutti in Maschera*, has been heard in almost all the chief cities of Italy. It was first played at Verona, in 1856, and its composer, Signor Pedrotti, has since then enjoyed some popularity. The story is slight; but it serves as an apology for some light and pleasant music, as spontaneously humorous as it is sparkling and clever. A Mdlle. Singelee sings the heroine, and the *troupe*, recruited from the Brussels's Opera, is efficient. L'Athénée supplies in Paris a want unprovided for in London. M. Bagier, director of the Théâtre Italien, having been blamed for not having brought out *Tutti in Maschera*, has addressed a long letter to *L'Art Musical*, setting forth his right to transplant French operas to the Italian stage. Such disputes are seldom carried on in France without personalities, and the discussion between M. Bagier and his opponents is no exception. Verdi's *Forza del Destino* is to be one of the novelties at the Italiens in the coming winter. Besides the ordinary three representations a week, there is talk of extra performances of classical works.

THE POWER OF MUSIC ON DIVINE WORSHIP.

To the Editor of the "Times."

SIR,—Last year at this season by kindly granting me access to your columns you were the means of enabling me to establish an industrial and invalid kitchen in the most destitute part of my parish. The outspoken gratitude of those for whom it was designed testifies to the invaluable aid you rendered them, and, under the able management of a committee of ladies, the institution promises to be a permanent benefit. When pressing bodily wants no longer cause an indifference to appeals of a spiritual character I confidently believe, from what I have recently witnessed in the manufacturing districts in the north, that our working classes in the metropolis might be induced to attend the services of the Church in increased numbers by connecting them more closely with an extension of good congregational singing. It is a sight that must cheer every heart on entering most of the churches in Lancashire and Yorkshire to see the crowded congregations, and to listen, as I have recently done, to the heartiness and warmth with which the choral portions of the service are rendered by the labouring classes. The chants and hymn tunes were all so simple as to present no difficulty for any one joining who could sing at all, and I am certain that the effect upon all would be to be soothed and tranquillized and brought into a frame in which they could pray with the spirit and with the understanding also.

In conversation with various Evangelical clergymen I was assured that the remarkable interest taken by the working classes in the application of music to religion was totally unconnected with any particular doctrine, but that the sympathies of Church people had been excited by the special attention given by our Nonconformist brethren to this subject. I found also that the clergy gladly encouraged the movement, as it was the means of bringing them into closer communion with their flocks. It is to enable me to offer the same inducement to the large number of the working classes and small shopkeepers who form the chief proportion of my parishioners that I again venture to solicit your powerful aid. Some of my comparatively few wealthy parishioners who are equally desirous with me of leaving no measure untried to attract our poor to the House of God, have taken active steps to promote this object by bearing the expense (£140*l.*) of removing the organ from its present unsuitable position for accompanying the voices of the congregation and the choir to a different part of the church. This removal will occasion some necessary repairs and reconstruction, which are estimated to cost 300*l.* I earnestly request help from your numerous readers towards raising this sum. How many large-hearted Christian-minded men among our aristocracy of wealth could provide the whole amount, and not perceive the virtue that had gone out of them!

It may be said that a parish in so central a position of London as mine ought not to require extraneous help for such work. Allow me, however, to state that St. Thomas's Church, Portman Square, with a population of upwards of 10,000, mostly poor, although in the gift of the crown, is entirely without endowment. The congregation and parishioners by voluntary contributions maintain the fabric and the church services, support the clergy and large schools, as well as various institutions for the relief of the poor, and that of late the demands upon their benevolence have been so great as to preclude the expectation that they can, unaided, carry out this apparently important design.

The glory of God and the salvation of souls are the ends for which we live, and musical sounds in their largest sense seem to conduce to the attainment of these ends. As an instance of the advance of the middle classes in the cultivation of sacred music, I may mention that my choir is almost entirely composed of the assistants at Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove's, whose extensive premises in Vere Street form the boundary of my parish. I am tempted to crave your indulgence to trespass further on your space to make a special reference to this model establishment. Conscious from whence alone the guiding power and success of this vast enterprise are derived, and the responsibility which it entails upon them, the proprietors spare no expense in promoting the moral and spiritual welfare of the very large number of young men and women in their employment; resources of a very superior character, calculated to improve the tone and direct the mind to a healthy course of action, are provided on the premises. The moral effect of this considerate treatment is displayed in general rectitude of conduct, and in various good works with which these young people connect themselves. I will refer more especially to Sundays when they devote their leisure hours to teaching in our schools, holding Bible classes, forming choirs, besides assisting in various other useful parochial matters; and, though last not the least practical part of the duties with which they charge themselves, I understand that their united contribution to the missionary and other religious societies amount to not less than £300 per annum. While employers and employed are mutually actuated by such high principles as these I have mentioned can we be surprised at God blessing the increase?

But I have already exceeded a reasonable limit. I will only add that it is my fervent hope that the sober cultivation of Church music, while leading to increased spirit, fervour, and reverential propriety at the services, may also tend to the growth among my people of that love for the public worship of Almighty God which brings so many present blessings upon a Christian community, and is itself a pledge and earnestness of Heaven,—I am, Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

S. W. LLOYD,

Vicar of St. Thomas, Portman Square.

14, Seymour Street, Portman Square.

THE FUNCTION OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

(From the "New York Weekly Review.")

"Whenever you are at a loss for a subject," said an old clergyman to a young one, "pitch into the Pope." It is upon some such doctrine as this that the correspondents of out-of-town papers proceed, in concocting their letters. When they can find nothing else to vilify, they attack the dramatic critics of the New York press. We do not mean to say that all correspondents do this; for, occasionally, a gentleman is, by hard necessity, induced to write metropolitan letters to country papers. But most of the correspondents are of the kind to which scandal is a delight and backbiting a necessity: and these are the creatures who are continually calling in question—in anonymous scrawls to obscure newspapers—the honesty and talent of the dramatic critics of New York. To defend those critics from such assailants, would, of course, be a waste of time. The dramatic editors employed upon the New York newspapers do not skulk under disguises, but are perfectly well known; and, as a class, they are known to be intelligent, cultivated, able, and honest men. No defence, therefore, is necessary to them, against the irresponsible curs who bark at them in the safe security of country newspapers. But it is worth while, in view of the ludicrous allegations urged against professional dramatic critics in this city, to consider what the nature of their duty is, and what wild, chaotic ideas in reference to the execution of it, prevail among these half-educated and wholly stupid censors. The duty of a dramatic critic engaged upon a newspaper is very simple. It prescribes that he shall keep that paper thoroughly advised of all that goes on in the dramatic world, and that he shall extol merit and condemn pretentious stupidity wherever found, so that the end of his labours may be the establishment of a proper sympathy between player and public, in matters of art, the prosperity of a pure stage, and the discomfiture of all charlatans and nuisances. In the performance of this duty he may commit errors of judgment; but, with this clear perception of what is before him to be accomplished, he is not likely to go far wrong.

Turning to the back-stair censors of the dramatic critics (the miserable libellers who hang about theatres and scrape up for their country letters the refuse talk of muddled gossip), we get a very different view of the subject. According to these people, the province of dramatic criticism is one of the most tremendous upon earth. Herculean moral force, it appears, is necessary to its fulfilment. Sublime self-sacrifice must be continually on tap. Truth must be told—truth with a capital T—and the most dreadful consequences are to be braved with the most fearless audacity. Spartans may have been brave in their time, but Spartan bravery is nowhere, compared with the courage that is needful to the dramatic critic. Questions of state, civil wars, consolidation of divided empires, dynasties as opposed to nationalities—all these are great matters. But these matters are trifles to the question whether Snooks's vest was of the right pattern for the time of George the Third, or Mr. Smeary's gamboge was the correct colour for a sunset in Mexico. Nothing short of absolute greatness will do in such emergencies as these. And, accordingly, we have no dramatic critics—since the country correspondents are not allowed to come to the rescue. No one to defy the bland indifference of Mr. Lester Wallack! No one to brave the gentle tolerance of Mr. Edwin Booth! No one to dare the cynical laugh of Palmer, or the lamb-like roar of Father Bateman! It is such a terrible thing to differ in opinion with either of these gentlemen! It is such a frightful audacity to venture to think that there is a button more or less on Mr. Jefferson's jacket!

They are frightful ogres, these managers, and no man dares to molest them. Nobody dares to write the awful truth about this tremendous subject of the town theatres—or, if anybody does dare, he is speedily soothed into silence or wooed to friendship by twenty-five cents' worth of oysters! Strange to say the New York dramatic editors are frequently at odds with enterprises undertaken upon the local stage, and do a great deal of plain speaking, with the balmy disregard to the awful results that are to follow, and without the slightest idea of the jinnacle of magnanimous daring upon which they stand. But this does not alter the view of the country correspondent. Verdancy has marked him for her own; and, till his salad days are past, he will go on glorifying the mission of dramatic criticism as little less than a divine calling to speak the truth under the most awful penalties, and denouncing the persons who happily prevent such geese as himself from hissing at the heels of the actors. For the fact is that the stage is not the most important institution upon earth; that it gets full measure, and more too, of fair and thoughtful attention; that managers and actors are not continually trying to buy or browbeat the press; and that the critics of the drama, in this city, perform their duty with discretion and ability, such, we venture to say, as are seen nowhere else in kindred departments in the press of the country.

LEIPZIG.—Riedel's Union will shortly give a performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, which has not been heard here for some time.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the concert of Saturday (the second of the series) another work by Schubert was brought forward—one of the many rescued from neglect by Mr. G. Grove, during his visit to Vienna, in Nov., 1867. Shortly before, the Crystal Palace concerts had introduced to an English public Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor, the first of his two "Italian" overtures, a "Salve Regina," and some of the incidental music to the drama of *Rosamunde*; and the result of the journey to Vienna was the first hearing of two completed symphonies, the "Tragic" in C minor (No. 4), and No. 6 in C major, the second overture "in the Italian style," several more pieces from *Rosamunde*, and *Miriam's Siegesgesang*. We have now a fresh obligation to record in the addition made at Saturday's concert, the programme of which was as follows:—

Overture ("Die Freunde von Salamanka")	Schubert.
Symphony, "Reformation"	Mendelssohn.
Arioso, "Porgi amor" ("Nozze di Figaro")	Mozart.
Song, "O ruddier than the cherry" ("Acis and Galatea")	Handel.
Concerto—Pianoforte—in E flat	Beethoven.
Cradle Song, "Birds in the night"	A. S. Sullivan.
Song, "A Sister's Smile" ("Faust")	Gounod.
Solo—Pianoforte—"Clavierstück," in E flat minor	Schubert.
Valse, "Godiam"	Bevignani.
Overture ("Giralda")	Adam.

Schubert's overture belongs to an operetta (in two acts) composed in 1815 to a libretto by Mayrhofer—the music alone being extant, having fortunately escaped the destruction which has befallen the manuscripts of other of the composer's dramatic productions. If the vocal portion of *Die Freunde von Salamanka* is equal to the instrumental prelude to the work, it is to be hoped that it may come to a speedy hearing—as, although not so characteristic of Schubert's individuality as his more mature productions, there is a melodious freshness and a genial charm of style in the overture which render it especially welcome amid the violent efforts at originality made by some contemporary composers devoid of imagination. When Schubert produced this work he was but eighteen, and his tendency was towards the clearness of form and the regularity of melodic phrase which are prominent features of Mozart's style. The young composer had not then felt the influence of the giant Beethoven, soon to be the object of Schubert's reverential admiration, and the prompting of his genius, which, in a gentler and milder aspect, had many points of analogy with that of Beethoven. The overture performed on Saturday is throughout bright as sunshine, having no trace of that melancholy which, in later music, tinges at times even his lighter productions. In construction, too, it is as close and coherent as though written avowedly in the school of Haydn and Mozart. Of the *Reformation* Symphony we have spoken so fully and so often that we need now merely say that it was again received with the general attention and delight which such noble music must ever command from a cultivated audience. The usual encore was awarded to the *allegro vivace* which occupies the place of *scherzo*; and the movement was given a second time without repeats. Mr. Charles Hallé's performance of Beethoven's fifth concerto presented all those qualities of careful study and finished execution on which we have frequently commented. The addition of octaves to some passages were not so justifiable as it might be in Mozart's concertos—works frequently written in haste for the composer's own playing, and amplified, impromptu, in performance, while those of Beethoven are as finished as his orchestral symphonies, and, indeed, completed in every detail with scrupulous care. The unaccompanied solo piece was given by Mr. Hallé with grace and refinement. Although Adolph Adam cannot (what French composer can?) be compared with Auber, there is much national character in his music, with a prevalence of lively dance-rhythm and a spirited handling of brilliant orchestral effects. Adam was a prolific composer for the stage, his works for which extended from 1829 until 1856 (the year of his death), including *Le Chalet*, and *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*—besides the music of *Giselle* and many other ballets. *Giralda*, written to a libretto by Scribe, produced at the Opéra-Comique in 1851, was one of his most successful works. It is scarcely necessary to say how finely the orchestral pieces were rendered by the band which Mr. Manns conducts so skillfully.

Madame Rudersdorff gave with great effect and much applause Mozart's *cavatina*, Mr. Sullivan's extremely pretty song, and Signor Bevignani's *Valse-aria*; Mr. Edward Connell, in the airs of Handel and Gounod, confirming the impression he had already made in the Crystal Palace operas. His altered close of Handel's air, however—in apparent imitation of a great singer whose exceptional powers of voice and execution may justify his departure from the text—would have been better unattempted. L.

COLOGNE.—Herr Strakosch will give a performance here of Mozart's *Messe Solennelle*, with Madame Albini, some time before the end of the month.—Herr Tausig intends giving some concerts in November.

Philomel.

1.

And as the new abashed nightingale,
That stinteth first, when she beginneth sing,
When that she heareth any herd's tale,
Or in the hedges any wight stirring,
And after sicker doth her voice out ring;
Right so Cressid, when that her dread stent,
Opened her heart, and told him her intent.

CHAUCER.

Now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake,
Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song.

MILTON.

O Nightingale! thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart:—
These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the god of wine
Had helped thee to a valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night;
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

WORDSWORTH.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—The superior attractions of the seaside have apparently drawn off from London a large contingent of the German bands; it would seem that we have been delivered over to the tender mercies of the rejected members, armed with the rejected instruments of these associations. The favourite combination now seems to be a clarinet, a trombone, and a cornopean. The clarinet is invariably furnished with a worn reed, so that at times it emits the most distracting shrieks, like the teeth-on-edge cry of an ungreased cart-wheel. The trombone has only two notes to play, in order at least to reconcile the ear for a short time to his atrocities; but he always plays them from right to left, as it were, instead of from left to right; he goes up when he should go down, and goes down when he should go up. The cornet is not only out of tune, but in nine cases out of ten is pleased with the wrong crook. The musicians, having stationed themselves before a house, start after a waltz, the clarinet first giving tongue with a shrill bleat, the cornet following with a wild sob, and the trombone bringing up the rear dolefully grunting a sort of hypocritical regret for the fate of the tune. To a musical person the effect of this is almost maddening, and yet when there is a temporary suspension of the nuisance the hall door is as independently rapped for a dole as it is for taxes by a collector. A gentleman writing on the subject some time ago advised a compromise with the offenders, in fact recommended us to bribe them. But then their places are taken up by an organ-grinder and shall we bribe him also? Seriously, only physicians know the evils of these exhausting street noises—the tax they impose on the brains of writers, students, and artists; the relapses that occur from them in cases of fever, and in still more critical complaints; the loss of temper, loss of time, and loss of money—all caused by unnecessary disturbance, which cannot excuse themselves behind even the plea they put forward. As for the statement that some persons enjoy the music of German bands and barrel-organs, all I can say is that I am very much surprised at their taste, and that it is not reasonable to indulge them at the expense of a large majority of useful workers. If a gentleman does fancy a barrel-organ, let him invite the grinder into his hall or his dining-room, refresh the poor foreigner with biscuits and sherry, and bid him turn the handle of his box until the grand round, from "Adeste Fideles" to the "Rollicking Rame," has been completed. As for the German bands now wandering about, only a perverse or deranged individual would attempt to justify their performances on the score of the satisfaction they gave him. It is a positive fact that two of a trio have stopped to beg from windows while a third has bellowed a single calf-like note, as a threat that the proceedings would be continued unless some arrangement were come to by which the party might strike work at a profit. Complaints of a grievance of this kind are, as we know well enough, periodical, but this year it has seemed to us that the so-called musicians have thrown away all disguise, and practise extortion without even an apologetic attempt at harmony for their misconduct.—I remain, Sir, yours, &c.,

THOMAS NOON GADD.

Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy FLORENDOS de
 MACKDON et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remielus, Empereur de Constan-
 tinople, by **Jean Mangin**, dit le **Petit Ingenieur**. A perfect copy of this
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DEATH.

On the 5th inst., at Hedge Mill, Loudwater, Bucks, Mr. **JAMES FREMAN GAGE SPICER**, aged 61.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.—*Tu n'es pas solide, mon gros.* Catharine I. died, May 17th, 1727, of too much Tokay; whereas our George II. died suddenly, October 25th, 1760, aged 77, in the 34th year of his reign; and Gemelli, the traveller, was born in 1651, at Naples. *Tu n'es pas solide, mon gros.*

NOTICE.

It is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

Our first article on the "Prodigal Son" is again unavoidably postponed till next week.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 214, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

THE vicar of St. Thomas's, Portman Square, has written a letter to the *Times*, which we print in another column, asking for £300. He wants the money to pay certain expenses connected with the shifting of his organ from one part of the church to another; and we sincerely hope he may get it. The case, as put by the rev. gentleman, is not a common case of organ-shifting; hence his public appeal. Usually, the sacred instrument comes down from the eminence of the west gallery to be hidden in a stone box north of the chancel, on æsthetic grounds. No such reasons changed the whereabouts of St. Thomas's organ (they would hardly justify a begging letter), instead, thereof, the exigencies of congregational singing did it. The vicar appears to have spent his holiday in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and to have been much impressed by the "heartiness" with which the "labouring classes" joined in the choral service. He took counsel of certain clerical brethren belonging to those parts, and came home fired by a noble emulation. Why should not Portman Square Church echo with the sound of voices usually heard in its adjacent mews? To this end was the organ shifted, and, taking public sympathy for granted, the requisite money begged.

Assuredly, a good many people who are interested in church music will object to help the worthy vicar's design, and would give their reasons on the smallest provocation. They prefer that the "labouring classes" keep from vocalizing in church, and assert that more good comes from the outpourings of a choir than from the mixed noises of a congregation. As such an assertion can only be based upon opinion, we are not going to argue for or against it. But, unquestionably, the objectors to congregational singing have everything on their side from an æsthetic point of view. They champion music against noise. The latter term is not harsh when the former is used in its ordinary acceptance. Music in the church can be no other than

what it is out of the church, subject to the same canons and estimated by the same standard. Remembering this, he must be a bold man who would call average congregational singing anything but noise. The organ and choir may infuse enough of harmony to make the people believe that they have had part in a musical offering, but the enough required for such an effect is very little and bears no greater proportion to its attendant noise than did bread to sack in Falstaff's tavern bill. Yet, spite of this and of much more it is possible to say on the same side, the active opponents of congregational singing are in the wrong for the simple and sufficient reason that the irresistible should not be resisted. They can no more stem the tide of congregational singing than Mrs. Partington could mop back the Atlantic; indeed, the one phenomenon appears as much the working of a natural law as the other. Great accessions of religious life have always been attended by great "heartiness" of religious song. At the Reformation, when Christendom awoke from its long sleep and remembered that it was Christendom, service music, rescued from a formalism which had twisted it into a curious puzzle, was made so straight that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, could not err therein." From that time it has remained a popular possession, but always most cherished when the waves of religious life have swept with greatest force over the land. Singing of psalms brought the Puritans as much mocking as their lengthy prayers and interminable sermons. So, again, when Whitfield and Wesley put an end to the reaction against Puritanism, the long-breathed hymnody of their followers was a main object of scorn to the Philistine of the period. The times now present are hardly less times of religious awakening, though, it may be, the expression of it bears an unwonted aspect. On all hands, and among all sects, there is activity of some sort, and again the attendant phenomenon is visible. Harmoniously, or otherwise, (mostly otherwise), the people lift up their voices eagerly, so that, to use the vigorous figure of the Bible, praise "waiteth in Zion." We cannot have it otherwise if we would. The thing accords with the instincts of humanity, and, not less, with the teachings which those most concerned look upon as of unquestionable authority. It is vain, then, to sneer or to lament.

The well-worn saw, "What can't be cured must be endured," is not one to be applied in this case. Endurance is hardly possible, even if it were politic. He who is disposed to supplement John Foster's essay on "The Aversion of Men of Taste to Religion" should give congregational singing a prominent place among the causes to be treated. There is no doubt of the numbers by whom the vocal deliverances of a crowd of worshippers are utterly repellant. Endurance being hard, the alternative is improvement. Left to the ordinary working of social machinery this improvement would come. Our people are getting musical by slow degrees, and, of course, take their increasing knowledge to church with them. But the end will be reached all the quicker through special means—means which, happily, though most offended at the present state of things, can best supply. No doubt a great work is doing all over the country, thanks to choral unions, which stimulate effort by association for a common object, and by such example as the greater energy sets to the less. But their work mainly deals with the choir; why not set about another work which shall deal with the people. The most efficient remedy for what is bad in congregational singing is congregational practice. This has not been untried, especially among the Nonconformists, who, in one instance (at the Lozells Chapel, Birmingham), actually divided the people during service according to the "parts" sung. We neither expect nor wish Churchmen to go so far; but it may be worth while for them to consider whether the ordinary

practice of the choirs ought not to be supplemented, or merged into, another practice open to whosoever in the congregation feels that he should sing not with the heart only, but with the understanding also.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Mdlle. Nilsson.

The opinion of the *Sunday Times* about Mdlle. Nilsson's performance at Exeter Hall is thus expressed:—

"The first of a series of oratorio performances with Mdlle. Nilsson as the chief attraction, was given in Exeter Hall on Tuesday evening. That the Swedish *prima donna*, has a love for sacred music, and an uncommon aptitude for singing it, is very well known. She has several times delighted her public—and, evidently, gratified herself—by the performance of excerpts from oratorio. Till Tuesday, however, Mdlle. Nilsson had not ventured upon sustaining a part throughout the performance of a complete work. She wisely held back till some experience had been acquired in a style altogether new to her. Having acquired that experience, her first serious essay cannot be charged with timidity. Mdlle. Nilsson plunged at once in *medias res*—that is to say, she ventured on the *Messiah* in Exeter Hall itself. No more severe test can be imagined—all the greater, therefore, the success attained. Mdlle. Nilsson was not long in setting doubts—if any there were—at rest. Her delivery of the chain of recitatives announcing the birth of Christ was so excellent that success became at once almost a matter of certainty. We hear a good deal, sometimes, of the difficulty attending Handelian recitative. The young Swedish lady, however, without special training, and aided only by her fine artistic instinct, satisfied even hypercriticism. In brief nothing could have been better. The trying runs in 'Rejoice greatly' were given with wonderful distinctness, every note being clearly articulated and perfectly in tune, while the expression thrown into the episode, 'He is the righteous Saviour,' added the charm of uncommon contrast to an otherwise charming performance. 'Come unto Him' was given with intense feeling, as well as with an apparent earnestness that lent all imaginable force to the words of entreaty. With 'How beautiful are the feet' Mdlle. Nilsson attempted, perhaps, too much in the way of expression. This song requires simply to be left to tell its own story, emphasis, in its case, almost inevitably results in exaggeration. 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'—most exacting of Handelian airs—was the greatest triumph. In Mdlle. Nilsson's rendering of it there was happily expressed a calm and trusting faith, while in the passages beginning 'Yet though worms destroy this body' nothing could be finer than the way in which the artist conveyed an idea of joyous confidence and exultant hope. The audience at once recognized the greatness of the effort, and their long-continued applause 'sealed' Mdlle. Nilsson as not less a singer of oratorio than of opera."

We take two paragraphs of interest from the "Last Look Round" of the *Sunday Times*, Oct. 10th:—

"We have not yet settled the licensing question. The proceedings in reference to the Agricultural Hall at Islington are important in more senses than one. It appears that an application has been made for a licence for music and dancing for this edifice. Mr. Besley opposed. Mr. Sergeant Ballantine, in support of the application, ridiculed some of the objections raised by Mr. Besley, and said he had told them that if this licence were granted to Mr. Comfort the place would at once be turned into a casino. That was the old objection—it would become a casino, and that was a sort of red rag displayed before the bull to frighten everybody. Now, he had to assure them that if the licence were granted the directors would pledge themselves that it should never be used as a casino, but for the same class of entertainments as were carried on at Hanover Square Rooms and at St. James's Hall, and therefore no immorality or demoralizing scenes like those which characterize casinos would ever take place at the Agricultural Hall. Mr. Woodward said it was with considerable pain, having known Mr. Comfort for many years, that he felt compelled to oppose the granting of this licence. He hoped the magistrates would keep down as much as possible such places, as there was a great difficulty in getting respectable female servants, as they preferred to starve upon a few shillings a week so as to have the opportunity of attending dancing and music halls. They went to these places, where they had no persons with them to protect them. They went there alone, and engaged in dancing and waltzing, and this led to very bad results, for infanticide prevailed to a most alarming extent in that district, and under all the circumstances he hoped the licence for dancing would not be granted. The chairman put the question, and the licence was granted by a majority of sixteen to fourteen. Mr. Woodward is no doubt a most respectable man, but it is hardly consistent with his judicial dignity that he should allow his magisterial judgment to be influenced by his domestic experiences."

"That Mdlle. Tietjens is a great favourite at Dublin is not an obscure fact. She never goes to the Irish capital without receiving such an ovation as only a very select few of the celebrated artists of the day are honoured withal. On Thursday last she received a specific acknowledgment of the services which she recently rendered to an institution for blind females, by acting as a 'sales-woman' at a bazaar for its benefit, where she was literally beset by purchasers,

and her benevolent exertions produced a large accession to the resources of the charity. A number of gentlemen waited upon her, and presented her with an exquisitely illuminated address, accompanied with a dress-piece of emerald green Irish poplin. Mdlle. Zandrina, her niece, who aided her in her commercial labours, was also presented with an arbutus wood writing-desk, inlaid with views of Killarney scenery. It is said that Mdlle. Tietjens gave a feeling reply to the address, in which she stated that she would never forget the warm reception she had experienced in 'dear old Ireland.'"

Apropos of the soreness felt at the Globe Theatre about a recent criticism in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Daily News* makes the following observations:—

"The manager of the Globe Theatre has issued a public protest against a criticism upon Mr. Robertson's comedy of *Progress*, which lately appeared in the columns of our contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette*—a fact which is worth noticing, as illustrating the erroneous view very commonly taken by managers of the relations between themselves and dramatic critics. It is very well known to those who are acquainted with contemporary journalism, that the articles on the theatres which appear from time to time in the columns of that journal are among the best specimens of dramatic criticism of our time. They are thoughtful, discriminative, independent, and when occasion requires, learned in the history of the stage. They are, moreover, on the face of them, the work of a writer with too much sympathy with the stage to be habitually harsh in pointing out faults. It is in every way a gain—we mean not only a gain to the public, but also, if rightly regarded, to the managers themselves—that a writer of this stamp should have the ear of the public, and should not be deterred by insinuations of bad motives from giving expression to his views. Certainly there is nothing in the criticism which the manager of the Globe has reprinted in large type at the head of his placards, which might not be written in perfect honesty. Our contemporary evidently regards the comedy as unworthy of Mr. Robertson's powers. It is an adaptation from M. Sardou's *Les Ganaches*, and the critic considers Mr. Robertson to have destroyed the spirit and refinement of the French comedy by interpolations presumed to be acceptable to the vulgar portion of English audiences. Added to this, he has an unfavourable opinion of the acting in the piece; and he is in particular more severe upon Mr. Henry Neville than is customary among critics of an easier and more complaisant school. It is, we think, a pity that managers, actors, and dramatic authors cannot bear as much as this, particularly where it is their conviction that the public have only to see the play referred to in order to have a better opinion of it. Managers perhaps cannot be blamed if they look less to what is intrinsically good than to what will draw audiences; but the true function of the dramatic critic is to create in the public that amount of taste which can alone give encouragement for better things."

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

The small, but compact and efficient, band of Christy Minstrels now entertaining the public at this hall deserve a visit. The sentimental ballads are well sung by Messrs. Heywood, Fitzgerald, Warde, Maxwell, and Noel, while the comic artists, if not many in number, are sufficiently able to keep the audience in good humour. As the *troupe* is making its way into public favour with much modesty and good taste, the lovers of nigger minstrelsy ought to award the support deserved.

COBURG.—Herr Heinrich Hofmann's one act-opera, *Cartouche*, first produced at the Friedrich-Wilhelmsstadt Theatre, Berlin, has been brought out here, also, with decided success. On the night of the first performance, the Duke complimented the composer very warmly on the talent displayed in his work.

MUNICH.—The orchestra, specially reinforced, for Herr R. Wagner's *Rheingold*, consisted of 18 anvils (!) tuned to the proper pitch; 16 first violins; 16 second violins; 12 tenors; 12 violoncellos; 8 double basses; 2 harps; 3 flutes; 1 piccolo; 3 oboes; 1 English horn; 3 clarionets; 1 bass clarinet; 3 bassoons; 8 horns; 3 trumpets; 1 bass trumpet; 3 trombones; 1 contra-bass trombone; 1 contra-bass tuba; a pair of kettle drums; triangle; cymbals, and gong. Thus there were 120 instruments actively employed. In addition to this, the members of the company exerted themselves to the very utmost; the scene-painters and carpenters effected wonders, while three thousand gas-burners were alight on and above the stage, and behind the scenes. And with what result? *Parturiunt omnes, Nascitur ridiculum Rheingold!* Despite all that has been done for it in the way of trouble and expense, the last production of Herr Wagner's Muse fails to attract very greatly. Even at the third performance of this precious production, the attendance of the public had greatly diminished. "Oh! what a falling off was there!"

—It is said that either Herr Wüller, or Herr Max Zenger will be appointed Chapel-Master to the Court, in the place of Herr von Bülow, and, subsequently, of Herr Hans Richter.—A performance of Haydn's *Creation* was lately given by the members of the Musical Academy. The solos were entrusted to Madame Diez, Herren Vogl, Kindermann, and Baurewein.

MORALITY AND THE DRAMA.

What are the legitimate limits of theatrical art, and how does the stage stand with regard to other forms of art in the great question of the relations between art and morality? On the main subject the verdict of the world is unmistakable. It will have no confinement of art within over narrow limits. So long as work is done in the spirit of the artist, the world accepts it, whatever its subject. Again and again, preachers and moralists have urged the propriety and expediency of choosing such subjects only as are fitted for the tastes of men in whom the imaginative faculties are overshadowed by the reverential. But the world will none of this. It rejects all intentional uncleanness, and is singularly intolerant of really vicious work. But it persists in accepting Greek comedies and Latin satires, full as they are of indelicacies such as an English literature has never known; it is tolerant of Italian novelists; it exalts Boccaccio, Rabelais, Montaigne, La Fontaine, Dryden, Congreve, Swift, Sterne, and Fielding to the dignity of classics; and it accepts with equal readiness the daring speculations of Shelley and the marvellous analyses of Balzac. It utters accordingly the loudest protests in its power against the theories of the milk-and-water school of moralists. This, moreover, it does while disapproving in the main of over-freedom of treatment, and while maintaining a settled dislike to every form of immorality. Nothing can indeed be more inflexible than the general world shows itself to intentionally purulent or blasphemous work. But it is not squeamish, and does not take offence at the mere suggestion of impropriety. It possesses the virtue which Macaulay says the world wants—"a healthful virtue, not a valetudinarian virtue; a virtue which can expose itself to the risks inseparable from all spirited exertion, not a virtue which keeps out of the common air for fear of infection, and eschews the common food as too stimulating."

Mr. Swinburne's defence of his works, that literature is not intended for school girls, is sound. Of the works which constitute the treasures of language and literature, not half-a-dozen are wholly fitted for maidens. Temperate and composed poets even, like the Laureate, break out at times as though they were tired of their self-imposed manacles. Our nature is so strange, complex, and mysterious, that speculations upon what is least worthy in it will always be attempted. The diver does not choose for his explorations the shallow pool, the traveller does not visit the town concealed behind the nearest promontory, the astronomer is not content to survey the planet nearest to his ken. It is in the very nature of human effort to explore most industriously those places most remote or most difficult of access. Hence the greatest men in all ages have chosen to show the results of wild passions and uncontrolled desires rather than the happy progress of sentimental courtship. Homer sings of the loves of Paris and Helen; the Greek dramatists have exhausted all forms of fatal, adulterous, and incestuous passion, and even such late and well regulated writers as Racine gives us compositions like the *Phédre*. We may, accordingly, assume—as in fact we always do—that for the purpose of art, few subjects are, in truth, tabooed; that to the writer every note of the human heart is open to be sounded—every pulse of the life blood free to be counted. It does not of course follow that because all are open one may with propriety be always taken. The man who gives us no works except such as dealt with unchaste love and the like, would never stand high in popular estimation, will seldom, indeed, rank as an artist. We have the same reason to complain of those who paint none but unpleasant pictures, as of the guide who, when all paths are open, chooses always the most difficult and the least pleasant. But the theatre does not stand in the same relation to the public as the press.

It is obvious that whole classes of works which are fit for the closet are unfit for the stage. There has never been, and will never probably be, a time when the theatre has been altogether free and untrammelled. In times of wildest licence even men have seen how subject it was to abuse, how potent a means it was of spreading immorality, of inflaming public passion, or of producing other similar results, and have maintained restrictions upon it which, with regard to other institutions, they have sought to remove. When the Bastille had fallen, and Suard, the licencer of plays in France, afraid of the storm that had arisen, licensed for awhile almost every work presented to him, Bailly, the first *Maire* of Paris, declared his opinion that the censorship was not to be removed. "I believe," says he in his memoirs, "that the press is the basis of public liberty, but the case is not the same with the theatre. I think that from the theatre where men assemble and mutually electrify each other, everything that can tend to corrupt the manners or the spirit of the government should be banished. Stage spectacles are as a portion of public teaching which should not be neglected, and over which the administration ought to watch. It is easy to give the censorship a form which will exclude what is arbitrary and retain what is just. This would be not a restriction upon the liberty of the individual, but respect for the liberty and safety of the public." A remarkable utterance this for the magistrate at the head of the Parisian municipality in 1789.

The effect of a theatrical representation is undoubtedly to give to an

imaginary story the utmost possible appearance of reality. When pictures are presented so forcibly as on the stage, with real beings acting all the parts, and with every event literally represented before the eyes of the audience, the effect is tenfold greater than in any other form of art. Hence, from the earliest times, men have seen that full licence was in such a case not possible. Plato is the founder of theatrical censure. He at least it was who first proclaimed the necessity of a law which should prevent the poet from passing in his verses the bounds of what the state judged legitimate, just, beautiful, and worthy; and he demanded that no piece should be represented before it had been subjected to the criticism of competent judges. To the theatre is necessary the freedom to do right, not the freedom to do wrong. Here, at least, the distinctions between licence and liberty must be observed. We would not accordingly admit upon the stage any piece offensive in any respect to morality, and would exclude from it many pieces which we would yet admit into the closet. We should not like to see a revival of the witty and wicked comedy of the Restoration, not, at least, unless excisions and alterations reaching almost to reconstruction, had been made. But there is little question that in England we are yet squeamish. We do not admit many pieces which, with no harm to the purest conscience, might be produced upon the stage. We know that the Lord Chamberlain would not permit the *Cenci* to be performed, and we are compelled thus to forego the opportunity of witnessing one of the masterpieces of modern thought. The lesson of the *Cenci*, moreover, is terrible in its tragedy, and the entire work is incapable of arousing in the mind of any human being a dangerous or unholy thought. Racine's noble tragedy of *Phédre* could not be produced any more than Ford's beautiful play, *'Tis pity*, &c. Of the last-named restriction we must not, however, be understood to complain. Ford's work, with all its manifold beauties, is the last work of the Shakspearean epoch of our literature we should care to see revived. It is clear, then, that pieces which at one time in our own literature, and which at the present time in the literature of other countries, could be produced upon our stage, are now considered unfit for representation. It is also clear that the repression exercised upon the English stage is one of many causes that grievously discourage our drama. A dramatist working in the highest spirit of his art knows that, while no nobility of aim or effort will greatly influence the people, his exercise of his art will be cramped in all possible ways by the authorities. He may be glad if some critic, in his righteous indignation does not bring an accusation of personal immorality against him, should he venture to transgress the bounds of commonplace.

Our position then is this: We should like to see the limits accorded to our dramatists so enlarged that, practically, there should be no surveillance of the censorship at all. But holding as we do that, in the case of theatrical representations, there is danger in things which, in other branches of art, would be innocent, we would commend to dramatists a sparing exercise of the immunities to be accorded, and to the people a careful watch over any form of indecency. Audiences are, of course, the true censors of the stage. They it is who have practically to step in and decide what shall and shall not be suffered. Beside the authority they exercise that of the Lord Chamberlain is purely nominal. If any dramatist, like Victor Hugo, can give us a *Roi S'Amuse* or a *Marion Delorme*, or if a *Barrière* can give us a *Filles de Marbre*, the people should accept it with thankfulness. But against innovations of the *Dame aux Camelias* type it can hardly be too much on its guard. Fortunately those who will try experiments of this class are few in all countries, and especially few in England.

SOMETHING LIKE CRITICISM.—How great is a part played by stage-carpentry and scenic decoration in the Prelude to the *Nibelungen Trilogy* appears very plainly from the fact that in all the notices of the piece, the writers speak principally of these accessories and little of the music. A fair French journalist, Mad. Judith Mendez, one of those French ladies who, during their recent invasion of Munich, were so skilful in turning the wheel of intrigue that the honest Germans have been utterly dumfounded ever since, and still seek in vain a thread to guide them through the wild confusion—this interesting fair wielder of the pen expresses herself about *Rheingold* in a manner which must certainly have called up tears into the eyes of the so-highly lauded and modest composer (we take it for granted that, despite Goethe's maxim, all really great artists must be modest). She talks of "notes which trickle down like drops of milk; of the light that trembles over the kettle drums; of the mailed brilliancy of the trumpets; of giants whose massive tread re-echoes in the double-basses; of flames that play around the violins; of the gold that glistens in a magnificent tremolo of the cymbals; of a dragon whose horrid voice speaks out of the trombones; of the mysterious atmosphere of the horns; etc." Such utterances are something more than the silly effusions of extravagant enthusiasm; they are critical blasphemies, for which the god Apollo is said, in the case of Marsyas, to have once inflicted a peculiar punishment. Yet Marsyas offended only the ear, while the lady shocks every healthy mind.—*Berlin Echo*.

PROVINCIAL.

READING.—The inauguration concert given in the new rooms was fully and fashionably attended. Mdlles. Liebhart, Roden, Crofton, Mesdames Thaddeus Wells, Fanny Reeves, and Jenny Baur, with Messrs. Dietin, Galer, and Harley Vinning, the new baritone, were the vocalists; Messrs. Lazarus and F. and O. Booth the instrumentalists. All the vocalists contributed their quota of songs and duets with effect. Mr. Harley Vinning sang with great spirit Ardit's "The Stirrup Cup," and was deservedly recalled. He also sang with much feeling, in conjunction with Mdlle. Liebhart, Mozart's "La Dove Prende." Mr. Lazarus played capital one of his effective clarinet solos, and joined Mdlle. Thaddeus Wells in Guglielmi's "Gratias Agimus." Mr. Stanislaus was the conductor.

CHELTEMHAM.—Mr. Ricardo Linter has inaugurated our musical season by giving a pianoforte recital in the Rotunda, which was attended by a full and fashionable audience. Mr. Linter's *pièce de résistance* was Beethoven's grand sonata, in A flat, Op. 110, a bold undertaking, but one which was rewarded with decided success. Mr. Linter played it capital, and was warmly and deservedly applauded at the conclusion of each movement. Mr. Linter, being a composer as well as an executant, favoured the audience with several of his own works, including his "Chant du Printemps" and a new *Ballade*, both of which greatly pleased his audience. Mr. Linter was assisted in the vocal department by Mrs. Linter and Mr. Miles Bennett. The lady's charming voice and excellent method were heard to advantage in an English ballad and in an Italian *cavatina*, both of which she was called upon to repeat, as well as a duet, "L'Addio," with Mr. Bennett. The gentleman possesses a fine quality of voice, which had evidently been well cultivated.

BELLECK.—Two morning concerts, by a few talented amateurs, assisted by Miss Edwards, the accomplished pianist and vocalist from London, were lately given at the School House, in aid of the funds of the Fermanagh and Donegal Protestant Orphan Societies, with complete success. The room was filled by a large number of the resident gentry, including the Hon. J. and Lady Lucy Massey, Sir Victor and Lady Brook, the Rev. George and Mrs. and Miss Tredennick, &c. Among the most successful performances were those by Miss Edwards and Miss Bloomfield, who sang Nicolai's duet, "One Word," so charmingly that they were compelled to repeat it; Miss Edwards, who gave Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute," and when recalled, favoured the audience with a quaint reading of "Thady O'Flynn;" Miss Bloomfield, who sang "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," and was encored; and Mr. Jones, who gave "The Vagabond" in capital style, and was called upon to sing it again. Miss Edwards, also, in Ascher's solo for pianoforte, "Marche des Amazons," gave great pleasure. The *Enniskeen Advertiser*, at the conclusion of its notice of the concert, writes:—"We have only now to conclude with our usual special acknowledgment to Miss Edwards, the origin, life and soul of these pleasant *réunions*—instructive to all having the privilege of hearing, useful to the community as carrying in its material results provision, aye, maintenance itself, to the innocent benefit." We must also acknowledge the generous efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield, of Castle Caldwell, to promote the welfare of these deserving charities.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD AT MALVERN.—Pursuant to announcement, Madame Arabella Goddard gave, on Monday evening last, in the Concert-hall, one of her "Pianoforte Recitals." The performance of this matchless artist on the occasion fully bore out all the eulogy of the Press and the musical world. Splendour of touch, brilliancy of effect, depth of feeling, added to execution which words fail to describe, render Madame Goddard supreme in the domain of pianoforte musicians. Miss Annie Edmonds sang some pieces very sweetly, chief among which was, "When dissatisfied"—the company rapturously encoring. The audience was a highly fashionable one, comprising the principal families in the neighbourhood. Mr. Haynes deserves the thanks of all lovers of high class music in Malvern for having afforded them the opportunity of hearing Madame Goddard interpret in her own style some of the grandest productions of musical genius.—*Malvern Advertiser*, Oct. 2.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace presented an exceptionally gay scene during the past week. What with flags and banners and lofty agricultural trophies, with Blondin's and Ethardo's fittings, it looked as if the Harvest Fête (for which excursions ran on all the principal lines leading to London), were one of the greatest of gala days. Apart from the decorative objects, the amusements and attractions were more than usually varied. Besides the performances of Blondin, Ethardo, Velocipedists and Gymnasts, and the exhibition of trophies and specialties connected with agriculture, a special display of fireworks and illumination of fountains in full play, was given at half-past 6, with new and appropriate devices, new shells, and all the recent pyrotechnic novelties. Extra and special trains ran up to the time of the fireworks. The Palace was illuminated for promenade till 9 o'clock.

ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Italian Opera terminated here on Saturday evening last with Mdlle. Tietjens's benefit. A great success, in every way, was this undertaking of Mr. Mapleson's. A more thorough appreciation of the artists, in their individual and collective capacities, would be difficult to obtain, even in Continental cities where all are, more or less, musical. The concert on Friday at the Exhibition was, both as regards the audience and its musical merits, one of the finest we have had. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* was partially performed on Friday evening to one of the finest houses and most appreciative audiences of the season,—the part of Ophelia by Mdlle. Ilma di Murska. Indeed, the *répertoire* of operas produced under the baton of Ardit, were, in point of excellence and variety, far beyond anything ever attempted here on previous occasions. We would wish, if possible, to put a stop to that foolish custom of the occupants of the galleries calling for songs and letting down baskets of flowers to the *prima donna* on benefit night. This is a habit much to be reprehended, but is only of a piece with the gross attempt made by many in Dublin to obtain a cheap notoriety by hanging on the skirts of the artists and trying to induce them to accept of hospitality, and, having by dint of persecution obtained a promise, inducing aristocratic persons to come to their houses who would otherwise not know them. This method of obtaining a cheap notoriety must be exceedingly repulsive to the artists themselves, who can easily see the object in view, and who despise it accordingly.

The gallery nuisance is another form of thus obtaining cheap notoriety. Not content with boisterous buffoonery, a paper with some fulsome adulation, was let down to the stage on Saturday evening by a string, and the reading of it by Mdlle. Tietjens insisted on. The absurdity of an artist being obliged to read aloud her own praises before a crowded house, together with the names of some obscure individuals, as secretaries, etc., etc., "the latter being particularly required," calls for general reprehension. As the performers cannot but see through the motive of such persecuting attentions, they must heartily despise it. We trust that the contempt which the discerning portion of the public have for these petty devices will have its effect in stopping them hereafter in both the cases above alluded to, and which, doubtless, will give much satisfaction to the eminent artists themselves, who must look upon their visit to Ireland as the only means of advancing the interests of a number of obscure persons quite out of their own profession, and only known to them here by their pertinacity in trying to advance themselves. The immense success of the opera company will, we trust, have the effect of inducing Mr. Mapleson to visit us next year, when we may promise him a "Caed Mille failthe."

W A I F S.

Faust has been played in Russian at the Marie Theatre, St. Petersburg.

A new fortnightly journal of music, *La Mélodie*, has appeared at Padua.

A concert-hall is building at Stockholm large enough to accommodate 2000 people.

Mdlle. Carlotta Patti has given her first concert in Steinway Hall New York.

Madame Sass has gone to Florence, where she appears on the 25th in *Les Huguenots*.

Reduced prices at the Paris Italiens have worked well, and materially increased the list of subscribers.

Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* will shortly be performed in the new Vienna Operahouse, by the first artists of the company.

M. Gounod is busily working at *Polyeucte*, and is represented as deeply in love with the subject.

More new operas at Naples:—*Elsa*, by Signor Storace, and *Il Giuramento di Calavrita*, by Signor Garofala.

The *Grand Duchess* will shortly be revived at the Standard, Miss J. Mathews appearing in her now celebrated character.

The autumn season of Italian Opera at Covent Garden is to commence on the 8th of November.

La Muette de Portici is to be revived at the Grand Opéra, with M. Villaret as Masaniello, and Mdlle. Fiore as Fenella.

Director Guédénoff has engaged the Sisters Marchisio for the approaching season at St. Peter-burgh.

Her Majesty the Queen has subscribed £25 towards the organ fund of Carlsbrooke Church, Isle of Wight.

M. Dupressoir (of Baden) has presented Madame Patti with a necklace consisting of three ranks of fine pearls, valued at 5,000fr.

At Madame Patti's last performance in Homburg, verses in her honour, by M. Monselet, who was present, were recited in the theatre.

M. Idrac, a successful pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, made his *début* at the Opéra-Comique last week. He is said to have a good voice and a certain degree of talent.

At the Brussels *fête*, Madame Marie Sass sang the soprano airs of the *Messiah* so as to obtain personal compliments from the King and the Countess of Flanders.

M. Anber is credited with the notion of writing an opera in which Patti, Nilsson, Carvalho, Sass, Cabel, Bloch, and Marimon are to take part. Who will may believe the story; we don't.

The King of Saxony has decided that the contracts of all the artists thrown out of work by the Dresden fire continue in full force. Their salaries will, therefore, be paid as usual.

Madame Artôt-Padilla and her husband have left Paris for St. Petersburg. Thence, at the end of the month, they go to Moscow for the rest of the season.

Ninety-four candidates have applied for admission to the classes of the Paris Conservatoire. Of these eleven men and fifteen women are accepted.

A Dutch version of *Patrie* will, during the coming winter, be played at the National Theatre, Amsterdam. The translation has been executed by an advocate named Rubens.

So soon as M. Auber's *Rêve d'Amour* is ready, another new opera will be put in rehearsal. The book of *La Clef d'Or*, is by Octave Feuillet, the music by M. E. Gauthier.

Mr. E. R. Russell, for some time theatrical critic of the *Morning Star*, besides discharging other functions on that paper, is the new editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*.

The Rheingold orchestra includes 120 instruments; among them a bass trumpet, a contra-bass trombone, a contra-bass tuba, and a tom-tom. We hear nothing of a sackbut,—why not a sackbut, O Richard?

When recently, Napoleon III. drove into Paris, he took a good long look at Carpeaux's dancing group in front of the Opéra. If he detected any extraordinary beauties, he can see farther through marble than most people.

The Marchioness of Caux was greeted, on her return to the Théâtre Italien, in a style worthy a queen of song, barely escaping suffocation under a wagon load of bouquets of roses. The American colony took the house by storm.

The Quaver Glee Club, which for many years met at the Angel, Islington, inaugurated its sixteenth season at the new rooms in the Crown Tavern, Clerkenwell Green—Mr. Stead as chairman, and Mr. Stark as conductor.

Mr. Stanley Betjemann has organized an operatic tour for the provinces. Miss Fanny Heywood, Madame Emma Heywood, Miss Bessie Emmett, and Mr. R. Lansmere will form a part of his company. Mr. Betjemann will sustain the principal tenor parts.

At the Paris Gymnase, *Les Mousquetaires de Bongival*, a comedy, in one act, written with the object of throwing ridicule on duelling, has been produced. M. Louis Leroy the author, can hardly hope to kill a snake that Le Sage, with all his genius, could only scotch.

Miss Katie Murphy, who is distinguishing herself in Dorchester, Massachusetts, recently won 300 dols. at a jumping match, having jumped eleven feet two and one-half inches, to ten feet nine inches leaped by a young man named Michael Flynn.

Vanina d'Ornano, commenced by Halévy, is being completed by one of his pupils, M. Louis Deffes. As Halévy had only sketched two acts, the opera will be practically new. The libretto is by M. Léon Halévy, brother of the deceased.

Orders have been given that the new Operahouse in Paris is to be opened on the 15th of next August. The scaffolding is being erected on the summit of the building for the bronze Pegasus, which has lately been exhibited in front of the Palace in the Champs Elysées.

La Signora Emily Tate, the "infant pianist," has been playing Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* and other classical pieces, at the Assembly Rooms, Eastbourne, with success. The clever little pianist leaves shortly for Paris, where she will remain during the season.

Stenka Razin, the Russian popular hero of the 17th century, after having been put to the torture was beheaded (1671). To his other acquirements he added that of song-making, and some of his productions are still sung on the banks of the Volga. The Russian people look for Stenka's return in 1870.

Last week, Madame Arabella Goddard, accompanied by Miss Annie Edmonds, gave pianoforte recitals at Scarborough, York, Sheffield, and Peterborough. The towns she has visited in the week ending to-day are Newbury (two recitals—Monday and Tuesday), Taunton (Wednesday), Weston-super-Mare (Thursday), and Clifton (Friday). Her reception and success have been everywhere brilliant.

A complimentary concert to Mr. T. G. Locker, of Birmingham, will be given in the Town Hall on the 21st inst. Mrs. A. J. Sutton, Miss Alice Phillips, Mr. Robert Mason, Mr. Henry Phillips, and Mr. F. Chatterton are engaged as soloists. The chorus will be made up from Mr. Locker's singing classes.

Our eminent clarionetist, Mr. Lazarus, has completed arrangements for a series of concerts in the Midland and Northern Counties, commencing on Friday, Oct. 22nd, at Leicester. His party will include Madame Thaddeus Wells, vocalist; the Anemoic Union, comprising—flute, Mr. Henry Nicholson; oboe and cor anglais, Mr. Crozier; clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; horn, Mr. Charles Harper; and bassoon, Mr. Wooton. Mr. Shakspeare of the Royal Academy of Music is to be the pianist.

There has been a row at the Rouen theatre in this wise:—In the third act of *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, a tenor romance is introduced by a solo for the cor anglais, which, however, was played on a certain night by the hautboy. A gentleman in the pit protested against the change, and the audience followed suit *en masse*. The police were called in, but could do nothing, and only after tremendous confusion could peace be made by the director promising a more faithful adherence to the score.

A testimonial is about to be presented to Mr. R. M. Levey, the leader of the band of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, by his "friends and admirers." A subscription list is open for the purpose. Mr. Levey has been connected with the Irish capital nearly half a century, and has gained the personal esteem of his fellow citizens as well as that of a large number of foreign artists with whom he has been brought into contact by his professional labours. His Grace the Duke of Leinster and the Earl of Charlemont head the list of the "testimonial committee," and a long list of subscribers is already advertised.

Mr. Boucicault learning that the Princess of Wales was coming to the first representation of his new play, *Lost at Sea*, thought that he had better prepare her Royal Highness by "respectfully apprising the Prince that it contained a scene somewhat more startling than usual, and that he should be grieved if it were to cause any pain or uneasiness to the Princess in her delicate state of health." In reply, Mr. Boucicault was informed that the Princess had made up her mind to be amused, not frightened. This is a better spirit in which to accept the entertainment than that in which Hippolyta took *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

Read the following advertisement from the *Times*:—

REQUIRED, a few VOICES of refinement (ladies and gentlemen), for a really aristocratic choir. Amateurs preferred. Soirées fortnightly. Address Doctor, care of &c. &c."

What deep satire in the word, "really!" Does it mean that there are some "would be" aristocratic choirs, but that here we are determined to have the genuine article? It takes away one's breath to think of being in the company of the "really aristocratic Doctor."

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Oct. 9), in an article on the "Close of the Baden season," treats his readers with the following:—

"Since my last, Italian operas have been the order of the day. Madame Monbelli in the *Sonnambula*, Marie Sass in the *Trovatore*, and Patti in the *Traviata*—such has been the musical bouquet provided. I shall not yield to the temptation of burning any useless incense on the altar of the great *diva*. Figures speak for themselves; and when I have stated that I manfully resisted an offer of ten louis for my stall, and that the *bouquetière* received orders for over £100 worth of flowers, which were showered at the songstress's feet, further comment would be clearly superfluous."

Surely the time is not far off when there will be, if not absolutely, an end of all this rhodomontade, at least, a sensible mitigation of it.

Mr. Algernon Chatterton, son of Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton, the esteemed harpist, has been "reading from the poets," at St. Mark's College, Notting Hill. Mr. Algernon Chatterton showed himself a master of various branches of elocution. The grave, the gay, the pathetic equally were at his command. Among the various pieces that may be singled out for praise are Goldsmith's "Hermit," the legend (Ingoldsby) of "The Knight and the Maiden;" the first scene of the fifth act of *Hamlet*; and Douglas Jerrold's "Curtain Lecture" (Mrs. Caudle's). An agreeable voice is one of Mr. Algernon Chatterton's attractions, but he also possesses great expression, and evidently had well studied his authors. Mr. Walter Lacy, jun., and Dr. Krause, Principal of St. Mark's College, at the conclusion of the reading, thanked Mr. Chatterton, in the name of the audience, for the pleasure his "reading" had afforded them.

The increasing number of consumptive, asthmatic, and broken-winded organs, in and about the metropolis, affords new reason why they should be suppressed, or at least placed under a system of regulations. It has been argued, that if organ-grinding were suppressed the servant-maids of England, whose only distraction it is would immediately give warning and join the class called "unfortunate." But there were morals before the invention of barrel organs, and morals there might be if barrel organs no longer existed. Moreover, admitting that the maintenance of barrel organs and that of domestic morality, or rather the morality of our domestics, are connected, what excuse can there be for tolerating such machines as now make night and day hideous in our streets? If barrel organs are to be tolerated, they should be only licensed for public performance after being pronounced sound. There are inspectors of nuisances in whose department they might be appropriately placed.

The last great gathering of school choristers in the Crystal Palace took place on Tuesday afternoon, October 5th, in the Handel orchestra, five thousand children of the Metropolitan Schools were assembled, under the direction of Mr. John Hullah, in whose "system" the singers have been trained. In June last the twelfth annual festival of the Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society was held in the same locality, when a similar body of choristers assembled. Again the performance was divided into two parts—the first consisting of sacred, the second of secular pieces; the first, as before, commencing with the Hundredth Psalm, and concluding with the "Hallelujah" chorus. As at the concert in June, the organ accompaniment of Mr. E. J. Hopkins (of Temple Church) was an important aid to the general effect.

The interior of Exeter Hall has been re-decorated by Messrs. Harland and Fisher, of Southampton Street, Strand, under the superintendence of Mr. Alfred W. Maberly, surveyor to the hall. The main entrance from the Strand, in lieu of being, as heretofore, one uniform drab, is now painted in tints of green and chocolate as far as the walls, pilasters, and wood work are concerned, while the ceilings, cornices, and enrichments are coloured in tints of white and cream. In the concert hall, the large coved ceiling is divided up by bands of yellow and by wreaths of red and green upon white, into geometrical forms, upon a greenish blue ground; the walls are a warm fawn, with pilasters of light green, and all the enrichments—examples of Greek ornament—in bright colours; the whole is supported by a dado panelled in vermilion and black. The organ is painted and gilded, to correspond with the rest; and the ornamental work is Pompeian.

Rheingold has been brought at last to the bar of public opinion. When the first performance, announced for the 29th of August, was at the eleventh hour, postponed, everybody imagined that the venture was abandoned. Herr Wagner departed, several singers engaged for the most important parts took flight, *dilettanti* hurried away from a city in which they had been disappointed, and the exhibition of the glorified aquarium of the Rhine was supposed to be consigned to the limbo of unfulfilled projects. But the King issued an express order that the work should be produced without delay, and, accordingly, on Tuesday the 21st of September, it was suddenly announced that *Rheingold* would be played on the following evening. We gather from a letter published in the *Independence Belge*, and written by one, who, to a great extent, is an admirer of Herr Wagner, that the work produced no effect, and that the audience were bored. The writer dwells chiefly on the time—two hours and a half—taken up by the performance, and on the utter absence of *entr'actes*. He appears impressed by the patience exhibited by the listeners, and says each spectator was astonished at his neighbour's forbearance. Their forbearance must have been extreme when not even a change of scene brought with it any surcease of the monotony of unmelodious, unconnected, uninteresting recitatives.

The following is part of a letter, dated Sept. 26, from a correspondent at Leipzig:—

"While our poor neighbouring town has just been shorn of one of its greatest glories, its beautiful theatre being reduced to ashes,—though it was not surrounded by gin-palaces, but was in fearful proximity to a real palace of Art,—we have now the choice of two theatres. During the fair, Laube being lessee of both the old and the new theatre, performances are going on in both,—the former being used for the drama and the latter for operas. Wagner's *Rienzi* has the run just now, and meets with more success than the man, or the opera, deserves. Last night, that success was enhanced by the singing of Mrs. Krebs-Michalesi, of the Dresden Royal Theatre,—now, alas! existing only in name. Laube has shown tact in engaging that vocalist during her leave of absence, although in the fair he can always reckon on full houses even without extra attraction; and the public acknowledged the favour by applause. As to the opera itself, it exhibits few, if any, of the peculiarities of Wagner's later productions. No need, however, to dwell upon him or his operas. His recent scurrilous pamphlet has drawn down upon him well-merited obloquy from all sides. So far from silencing him, however, the abuse he has incurred seems only to have made him more rabid. A few days ago he poured out his

wrath in the *Augsburgh Allgemeine Zeitung* on the managers of the Munich Theatre, who were not slow in replying,—giving him as good as he sent, though in the calmest manner possible, contrasting most favourably with his excited tone."

The following account of a pianoforte recital at Sheffield, given recently by Madame Arabella Goddard, appears in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* of Oct. 8:—

"The concert season in Sheffield was opened auspiciously last evening with a grand pianoforte recital at the Music Hall, Surrey Street, by Madame Arabella Goddard. The attendance was moderate, but if enthusiastic appreciation could make up for more extensive patronage, a magnificent success might at once be recorded. The programme opened with a sonata in B flat major, by Dussek (Op. 46), which Madame Goddard rendered with matchless skill and taste. The *Allegro ma cantabile* especially was charming in the extreme, and the expression faultless. Steibelt's study in C major gave Madame Goddard an opportunity for the display of fine, bold treatment, and she went through it with firmness and precision, catching the spirit of the author with rare accuracy. The study in E flat major, *L'Amabile*, by Dr. W. Sterndale Bennett, which is full of beautiful harmony, and abounds in passages of exquisite sweetness, in Madame Goddard's hands lost none of its effect. In this, as indeed in all she undertook, Madame Goddard exhibited a poetical genuine feeling, without exaggeration, an unerring taste and grace which fully entitle her to the high position she has attained in the musical world. In Beethoven's grand sonata in A flat major she acted as a faithful interpreter with all the fire and vigour of one who felt the real spirit of the music. There was an amount of boldness and clearness which could not but command the attention of every listener; and the solemn grandeur of the *Marcia Funèbre* was calculated to subdue and call forth a sympathetic feeling from every heart. The fantasia on airs from *Der Freischütz*, by Benedict gave scope for the exercise of splendid executive skill; and there was remarkable brilliancy coupled with studied pathos, thrown into its performance, the passages in which are introduced 'Softly sighs the voice of evening' being worthy special mention as lovely and telling in the extreme. Miss Annie Edmonds sustained her part with such ability as to earn the most gratifying tokens of approval. She possesses a very sweet, clear voice, and uses it with exceeding good taste. The style in which she gave Mozart's 'Violet,' won golden opinions; and she thoroughly deserved the encore which followed her singing of 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.'"

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

R. MILLS & SONS.—"The flight of Time," song, by Virginia Gabriel.
R. W. OLLIVIER.—"Ippostino di Londra," canzonet; and "La Gioletta al Balcone," canzonetta, di Luigi Badia; "Golden days," song, by Rita.

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DÉBUT OF MISS ROSE HERSEE

As Amina in "La Sonnambula," at New York, September, 18, 1869.

"A very clever young *prima donna* Miss Rose Hersee, made her *début* on Saturday in *La Sonnambula*. The *débutante* is *petite* in figure, but nature has gifted her with a voice of exquisite sweetness, which art has taught her to use with excellent effect. Her *début* was an ovation; the result as much, perhaps, of her aptitude for all the exigencies of stage business—(not an easy thing to command before a strange audience) as to the capacity of her voice, and the wonderful control of it which she possesses in as remarkable a degree as that which won for Piccolomini her great success. In figure and quality of voice, indeed, she most resembles Piccolomini, and is a great acquisition to the present *troupe*, which seems likely to revive English Opera in its best phase."—*N. Y. Citizen*, Sept. 21.

"Miss Rose Hersee made her *début* on Saturday evening. How triumphant it was, the applause of the audience testified; and they showered favours upon her from first to last. She is slight of figure; a blonde with dark blue eyes, a pleasant smile, and movements full of grace. Her voice is a clear soprano, well cultivated and trained; sweet in tone, and facile in execution. Few singers on our stage have so soon won the hearts of an audience. The sweet music of *La Sonnambula* was rendered by her in the most charming manner, and there was an innocent and girlish grace about her which was infinitely fascinating."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*, Sept. 20.

"Her youth, her pretty face, and sprightly easy action, gained her general favour, and throughout the opera her reception was such as to warrant the belief that she had made a good impression, and will become quite a favourite with the public."—*N. Y. Clipper*, Sept. 25.

"The most successful member of the *troupe* is Miss Rose Hersee. She is not great, but she is pleasing,—not to say captivating. . . . Hersee, however, is the chief star of the galaxy, and will always command a large audience of enthusiastic admirers."—*N. Y. Courier*, Sept. 25.

"Last night *La Sonnambula* was given; and in it Miss Hersee made her first appearance in this country, as *Amina*; and by her skilful management of a fresh and light soprano voice, and her fascinating appearance, won a substantial success. To its details, however, we must take another opportunity to allude."—*N. Y. Times*, Sept. 19.

"Miss Hersee has a good stage presence, and an excellent conception of dramatic effect. Her voice is pure, clear, and flexible, and remarkably true, as was noticeable through the whole opera. Even after the exhaustive labours of a first night before a strange audience, she maintained her powers and command of voice to the end; and was indeed better in the difficult scenes of the last act, down to the trying *finale*, than in the beginning. Her reception was very warm and enthusiastic. She was called out after every act, and although her *début* was evidently watched with critical attention, her success was unquestionable."—*N. Y. Herald*, Sept. 20.

"Her *début* was a striking success. No young artist within our recollection has received more prompt and decided manifestations of popular favour. She was cordially welcomed, warmly encouraged and applauded throughout the representation, and at the close was complimented by a series of demonstrations. That she will prove a most attractive acquisition to our lyric stage is beyond a doubt. Her first appearance was a distinct and well deserved success."—*Daily Tribune*, Sept. 20.

"With a *petite* graceful figure; a bright smiling face, eyes full of expression, a wealth of golden hair, and an infinitely piquant manner, she possesses all the requisites for the physical embodiment of the part. Vocally, too, she is not lacking in the sympathetic quality so important in a singer of her style and character. Her voice is pure, flexible, has a good range, and gives evidence of careful and judicious culture. With these qualities it is by no means remarkable that her success, on Saturday evening, was most genuine. Her efforts were received with signs of the most cordial approbation, and her *status*, as an artist of rare attractiveness, immediately established. She is a most pleasing and acceptable addition to our list of *prime donne*, and is destined to become a great favourite."—*N. Y. Express*, Sept. 20.

"Considerable anxiety was felt as to this *début*. The *prima donna* soon set all doubts at rest. Ere the first *aria* was completed it was pretty well understood by the listeners that art was winning a triumph. She was recalled, and made the recipient of a bundle of buds almost as large as herself."—*N. Y. World*, Sept. 19.

"This charming young artist possesses a very pleasing high soprano voice, fresh and canary-bird like in quality. Her execution is admirable, the rapid passages and *staccatos* being given with a clearness and precision that are evidence of a careful and judicious training, and of faithful and conscientious work on the part of the singer. The young lady made a most favourable

impression on the large and appreciative audience, and her efforts were greeted with prolonged and hearty applause and numerous floral offerings."—*N. Y. Sun*, Sept. 20.

"By her admirable execution and artistic acting she soon ingratiated herself into the favour of the audience; and when the curtain fell upon the first act she was enthusiastically summoned before the curtain. Her rendering of the sonnambulist scene left nothing to be desired, and she received acclamations and calls to the footlights. When the curtain fell and when she reappeared the spontaneous applause which greeted her left no doubt that she had made a very favourable impression. She is *petite*, with an expressive prepossessing oval face, and large round eyes. She sings with fine expression, and is evidently a cultivated artist."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury*, Sept. 19.

"Miss Hersee was well received: and when she came upon the stage a smile lighted up the faces of many in view of the doll-like figure which she presented, and the pure blonde type of beauty that she displayed. She had not, however, sung sixteen bars of her music before she was taken into favour; and at the conclusion of the first *aria* she received warm tokens of approbation, to which she was justly entitled. Her voice is a high soprano, delicate and flexible in its lower and middle register; lacking somewhat in chest power, but having great sweetness and a velvety softness in its upper notes, where its sympathetic tones told with very fine effect indeed. She shows evidence of having been well trained, but not so hardly worked as to affect the natural purity and sweetness of her organ. As the work progressed, and the constraint of a first appearance before a strange people wore off, she actually commanded the favour of the audience, which before she had only modestly sued for; and when the curtain fell upon the *finale* she had made a decided and deserved success."—*N. Y. Dispatch*, Sept. 19.

"Miss Hersee pleased at once by her graceful girlish manner and appearance, and her fresh bright voice. . . . Rarely indeed has a new singer met with so ready an appreciation, or found that appreciation so cordially expressed. Miss Rose Hersee's *Amina* is truly a charming performance. *Amina's* innocent fondness and playful coquetry in the first act; her girlish terror and desperation in the second, the dreary misery and utter hopelessness of the 'Ah non credea' with the wild exultant joy of the 'Ah non giungo,' were all most faithfully and touchingly delineated. In the earlier scenes there was humour without an approach to vulgarity; and in the latter dramatic passion and spontaneous emotion unalloyed by effect seeking. The general praise we have bestowed will of course be understood to apply to Miss Hersee's musical no less than her histrionic powers. She possesses a genuine soprano voice, peculiarly bright in *timbre*, true in intonation, and free as to production, while her execution is distinguished by symmetrical phrasing, neatness, and brilliancy.

"The success of the entire opera led to its speedy repetition."—*N. Y. Weekly Review*, Sept. 25.

"On Saturday evening, Miss Rose Hersee made a most successful *début* as *Amina*, her rendering of the sleep-walking scene was perfect, and at the end of the opera she was called before the curtain, and received a most enthusiastic greeting."—*N. Y. correspondent of the Era*, Oct. 10.

"We have had another musical success this week. In other words, Miss Rose Hersee made her first appearance on Saturday in *La Sonnambula*, and met with a perfect triumph. She sang with all the sweetness for which she is so much admired, and positively took the audience by storm. Several times in the course of the evening she was called before the curtain and enthusiastically cheered. And some such success was needed to revive the fortunes of the Parepa English Opera *troupe*."—Another *N. Y. Era* correspondent, Oct. 10.

"The curtain drew up at 8.20 last evening for the performance of *La Sonnambula*, and the first appearance in this country of Rose Hersee. The house was well filled by a curious and attentive audience,—prepared to be critical, but disposed to be generous. Miss Hersee was successful. She has a clear bright soprano voice,—best in the upper register, but even and well trained throughout. She phrases with neatness and precision, and her execution without being faultless, is remarkably good. Her action has been learned in a good school and her natural powers are developed to advantage. Hearty and genuine applause repeatedly testified to the favourable impression. Miss Hersee is slight in figure, with blonde hair and dark eyes, a charming smile, and a manner full of grace and fascination. We purpose to speak more in detail of the merits of the fair *débutante* hereafter. For the present, in addition to the above, it will suffice to say that her success was decided, and that since Madame Anna Thillon we have had no lady among us more likely to make a substantial mark in the lighter parts of English Opera."—*N. Y. Sunday Times*, Sept. 19.